

AKC Gazette
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ABOUT THE time that J. Caesar assured himself a place in history by discovering the Pugnaces, ancestors of our present-day Bulldogs, a bright lad who stayed at home announced another world-shaking revelation regarding the passage of time. The latter made the headlines and was carved in stone as follows: Tempus Fugit. Caesar became justly famous; the other chap remains anonymous.

Since then, men have raised a lot of Bulldogs. Some of us have learned to fly. Now, if man follows up the suggestion of a recent visitor from the West Coast to the East Coast, he will wisely combine the benefits of both these fields of endeavor to the logical end of raising many more, much better Bulldogs.

While man was engrossed in these commendable pursuits, how about Tempus? Did he go on just fugiting from hill to hill shooting off Roman candles? Nay, gentle readers (both of you)! While man has only just achieved jet propulsion. Time has shed his Roman toga for a space-suit, swapped his hour-glass for a comet-timed watch (trade name subject to AKC sanction) and has harnessed light to his scythe, which he now rides like a Halloween witch! And all this while your shame-faced correspondent was away on vacation.

And if no one but the writer will admit that as an excuse for missing last month's Bulldog column, let's admit that Tempus is still a fugitive and get back to flying Bulldogs-an idea by no means new, yet new in its conception as propounded by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Collins on their recent trip East.

The Collins, from California, drove across the country with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chang and Mr. Ching from Honolulu. They were constantly on the watch for Bulldogs, visiting wherever possible and arrived in New Jersey with an outstandingly keen perception of the cross-country picture of Bulldogs. They maintained-and convincingly so-that each section of the country can help the other and is in need of the other sections' help. Their suggestion was this: instead of sending bitches to distant studs, why not send outstanding studs to different sections of the country by air, placing them in the care of responsible individuals to show and hold at stud on several months' tour. It costs money to ship a bitch for one breeding-why not ship the stud, introduce him to the best circles, and let him pay his own way, leaving a trail of progeny behind him?

Well, there was no immediate rush by stud owners to fly their champions to lots of points elsewhere, but the idea was seriously discussed and considered and it will not amaze many of us to see its fruition in the not-too-distant future. Know your hosts, work out the details and perhaps the famed "perfect Bulldog" will not be as far from our grasp as is thought by some of us who still think of Father Time as a bearded old fuddy duddy.

The New Jersey Bulldog Club's Specialty show at Trenton was to be a special occasion for everyone, especially for Mrs.H.F.Cogill, from Atlanta. who was to judge bitches, and also for Mr. Collins, who was to judge all other classes. We must hand it to the New Jersey club for having everything really special on that occasion, even to the weather. It rained that day but in a very special fashion- not content to rain cats and dogs, for New Jersey it poured Poodles and Persians! The Persians probably drowned, but the puddles amalgamated into one Great Lake (a new breed developed from Danes and Lakelands) that inundated the show ring and had everyone practically up to the hocks in what a lad from the local Chamber of Commerce described as "Very unusual weather."

Everyone was resigned to the horrible situation when Harold F. Kaiser, a pilot for the big liners on the New York Sandy Hook run shot a glance aloft and announced, "It ain't gonna rain mo" . Mr. Kaiser is a newcomer to Bulldogs. Newcomer is "malahini" to the Changs in Hawaii. But call it what you will, Kaiser was just barely there in time to save the day with his forecast. The rain stopped, we all swam ashore to a nearby hill and lawn and every Bulldog soul of us averred that we would never again object to seeing a Poodle go up-we had seen too many of them come down that morning-Poodles and Persians! Our souls got away with this sacrilege because our hearts and minds were on the Bulldogs in the ring and the excellent way in which Claude Collins and Mrs. Cogill handled their judging.

Results of the judging are recorded elsewhere. We mention these sidelights only in support of the growing opinion that even Jupe Pluvius, with all his faucets turned wide open, can't dampen the enthusiasm of Bulldoggers at a good show. New Jersey turned out a specialty for which it is to be congratulated, as are all those who came so far to make it a success-judges and judged alike.

The Plainfield K.C. show was the scene of the B.C.A.'s first Futurity judging since the war. Weather? Rain again! Lookout, you Spaniels and Retrievers- here come the Bulldogs! Launching of this class got off to a late start, announced only a year before and open to bitches whelping by last November first. The judge was our president, Frank D. Carolin, and six puppies presented them selves for his inspection. Haymaker Hurly Burly, owned by the E. I. Pratts (Haymaker Kennels) took that puppy bowl right back home with him to rest in the same spot from whence it was temporarily removed. (the Pratts won the bowl in the last B.C.A. Futurity held prior to the Club's inactivity during the war). Bet the bowl weighed less on the return trip than it did on the way down!

And we'll bet that the added attraction added sprightliness to the homeward bound steps-this was a fine old maple leaf medal donated by our honorary member, Charles G. Hopton, that had been won in competition some years ago. This medal is a museum piece and admired by all.

Second place went to Buckshire Black Betsey, owned by Billie L. Hathaway.

Third and fourth went to Milsande's Grand Slam and Milsande's Royal Flush, Milsande Kennels, owners.

The Club is running a perpetual Futurity, divided into classes judged each year, so enter your expectant dams and join the fun.

It has been a pleasure to meet so fine a representation of out-of-town Bulldoggers at recent shows and at the Bulldog dinner after Morris and Essex-Millard White (although we missed Dolly), Dode T Leonard, the Hutchfields and so many more whose names must be left out due to lack of space in this column. There can be no doubt as to the benefits we all enjoyed through the frank discussions and the warmth of sincere personal contacts these visitors made possible. Let's have more of the same-lots more!

Back to B.C.A. news: the printed, pocket-size copies of the Standard are available and are a credit to the efforts of Thomas J. Hayden who worked so hard to get the details of the booklet just right. Our secretary, E. I. Pratt, Route 1 Box 274, Norwalk, Conn., will send your copy upon receipt of the 25c fee. Let's study them and have the Bulldog known as the breed whose backers know his Standard thoroughly. Dues are still due for the year ending October 1947, so if you have neglected yours, why not send in your \$5. Right now while you think of it?

Our annual match show and dinner is scheduled for Jan. 18 at Werdermann's Hall, New York. We have arranged for their large hall this time-a hall that will seat 400 people at dinner so there will be plenty of room. It costs more but we know we can count on your support.

A few late flashes: Sunday, Dec. 14, has been officially sanctioned by the AKC for the B.C.A. Specialty to be held in the County Center Building in White Plains. It is planned to work in conjunction with the Boston Terrier Club of Westchester and the Keeshond Club of America, which are holding their Specialties there also.

John F. Collins was elected to honorary membership in the B.C.A. After his long career in dogdom and association with the B.C.A., he needs no introduction.

And now, dear reader (if one remains) this humble correspondent bids you farewell

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